

# THE BURGLAR and the BACHELOR MAIDS.

Written by One

and  
Illustrated

by the Other

for the Sunday Journal.



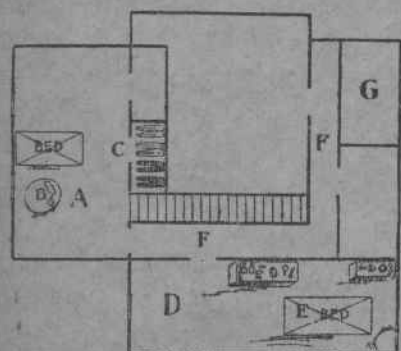
I HAVE often been asked this question: "What would you do if you were to wake suddenly and find a burglar in your room?"

I did not dream that I would ever be put to the test. And, after all, one can never tell just what one will do under exciting conditions until the crucial moment arrives.

However, it was my sister who was really the heroine of the occasion. I was merely a passive spectator, while she was the aggressive one.

On the night of the burglary in our cottage at Bogota, N. J., there were in the house my brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirsch; our friend and lodger, Dr. L. H. Thomas; my sister, Miss Pauline Greyson, and myself.

Dr. Thomas's room is on the side of the house next the highway; Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch's room is at the back of the house, while my sister Pauline's room, which I was occupying with her that night, fronts the road which winds up the hill from the railroad station. Herewith is a rough plan of the rooms:



A, DR. THOMAS'S ROOM; B, STAND ON WHICH HIS WATCH WAS LYING; C, CLOSET IN WHICH HIS TROUSERS HUNG; D, MISS GREYSON'S ROOM; E, BED; F, HALLWAY; G, MR. HIRSCH'S ROOM.

It is Dr. Thomas's custom to keep a light burning in his room on the little stand at the head of his bed, on which his watch lay. His coat and waistcoat were thrown on a chair in front of the closet door, but the trousers were hung up in the closet.

My sister Pauline's room is directly over the parlor. It was through the parlor window that the burglar entered. He put the

Jimmy between the upper and lower sashes and turned the fastening, then quietly raised the lower sash and crept in. The window was badly scratched by the tool.

Directly in front of this window is a stand of onyx and gold, supporting a marble statuette. This our midnight visitor carefully moved out of the way. He also moved half a dozen chairs on one side, thus forming an unimpeded path to the parlor door at the foot of the stairs in case of an enforced sudden retreat.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when a startled movement at my side roused me. My sister's bed is a canopied affair, and its slightest motion creates a noise. Drowsily I saw her spring up and heard her cry out:

"Why, what is Charlie doing with a derby hat on? Almee, wake up, wake up! Charlie, are you up? Have you been in here?"

Then back came my sister-in-law's voice from her room: "No; Charlie is in here with me."

Pauline rushed bravely into the hall, crying: "Turn on the electric lights."

There was the "Bang! bang!" of my brother's revolver.

Then Dr. Thomas's excited voice rang out: "They have taken my watch!" and then, "and my money. They have taken it all!"

Next we all flung up our windows and screamed: "Help!"

"Bur-lar!"

"Police!"

My brother again fired his revolver. But not an answering shot came back out of the darkness of the night.

Not a neighbor came out to see what was the matter. No one to offer the slightest assistance in our plight.

We soon found that Dr. Thomas's watch (No. 11,061, a relic of his dead brother) had indeed been taken, and that he was, moreover, a loser to the extent of \$25.

To reach his room the burglar passed our door. Then, walking to the stand by the bed, on which the lighted lamp stood, he pocketed the watch. Next he entered the closet, and, rummaging the trousers, found the money and made off with it.

Then he turned his attention to my sister's room.

Miss Greyson was awakened by hearing a little tinkling noise on the dressing table that stands immediately next the door.

on it made later. Since being taken to the hospital the child has acted in a manner which leads nurses and physicians to believe there is a good foundation for the charge of insanity. He is peevish and fretful at times, refusing food and working himself into tantrums of temper, during which he will snarl and snap at whoever approaches. When these spells pass away the child becomes calm and angelic in disposition, exhibiting signs of great affection. That these attacks do not proceed from any of the ordinary troubles of baby life is best shown by the fact of their recurring at somewhat regular periods and being preceded by the strange flashes of the eyes, which, according to the experts, betoken insanity or serious mental unbalance.

George Wright is the son of a Spanish woman by an Englishman, and was born in Honolulu. He was brought to Chicago a year ago and placed in charge of a nurse, with the understanding that his board and care would be well paid for. As the resemblances ceased some time ago, and the child has become more of a charge than the nurse bargained for, the woman decided to let the authorities look after him. Arrangement as an insane person would. It was argued, do away with the necessity for an embarrassing explanation as to the child's parentage, but the curiosity of Judge Jones was aroused by the oddity of the case, and he sifted it to the bottom. The child's mother, who gave her name as Mrs. George Wright, has not been seen since she left the baby with the nurse, and all trace of her is lost.

Under other conditions the cases of Joseph Olowitz and John Host, neither of whom is much over eight years old, would attract a great deal of notice, but as it is they are overshadowed by that of George Wright. According to his mother young Olowitz is uncontrollable in his fury at times. He will be a good, well-behaved lad for weeks, and then, suddenly break out in paroxysms of anger, during which it is unsafe to leave him at large. While suffering from these attacks Olowitz takes delight in torturing cats and other animals to death, but when in his right mind he pets and cares for them tenderly. Mrs. Olowitz says Joseph has acted queerly ever since his birth, but his attacks of insanity have been more marked and frequent since he was prostrated by a sunstroke about a year ago. He is a slender, rather bright-appearing boy, with large eyes, and when arraigned in court seemed to fully appreciate what was going on.

Doctors examined the child and shook their heads wisely; there was a gleam in his eye they did not like, so they said. The woman and those interested with her wanted George sent to an asylum, but this Judge Jones could not make up his mind to do. There was a phase to the history of the child which made him act with caution lest he should become a party to a conspiracy to get rid of the boy.

So the Judge sent George to the County Jail, with instructions that his case be tenderly treated and a full report

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George Wright is a handsome child of two years. Fair and delicate in appearance, a girl, with feminine features and mass of light-brown ringlets, he looks very picture of innocent loveliness. And yet he has been formally arraigned in court as a dangerous lunatic, whom it would be well to put under restraint. As the charge was made little George lay looking and smiling in his nurse's arms, his bright eyes blinking merrily, while the terrible tale of his crazy doings was being told. When the matter came up for hearing in the court of insane inquiry, Judge Jones expected to be confronted by a man of violent tendencies, and word went out to the hall to be ready to suppress an outbreak on the part of the patient. It is not every day that lunatics of a dangerous class are brought into court, and when the Judge was asked to take immediate action in the case of George Wright, as there was urgent need of his being restrained, he naturally looked forward to meeting a burly customer who might be hard to deal with. Instead of this a babe in arms was brought before him. There was no outward evidence of insanity about little George, but the woman who had him in charge said he was crazy, and told of strange things he had done.

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"She did see a short, thickset, burly figure there, wearing the drollest little old-style derby. "Charlie, Charlie, is that you?" she sharply cried as she sat up in bed. The answer came with a strong German accent, and in a drawing, soothing tone, as one might speak to a frightened child, "Yeess—y-e-e-e-s."

The light streaming out from Dr. Thomas's room, it will readily be seen by referring to the diagram of the rooms, was at the back of the intruder. She saw a thick-set man with a derby hat on his head standing just within the door and stretching out his hand to the dressing table.

There were several bottles of medicine on the table, and the tinkling noise of the glass as the burglar's hand was fumbling among them made the sound that had aroused her.

Naturally her first thought was that her brother Charlie was the visitor; that he was ill and was seeking medicine.

But there was the derby hat to stagger her.

Why should Charlie be wearing a derby hat at 3 a. m.?

She could not see the man's features with absolute distinctness as he stood with his back to the light.

But she did see a short, thickset, burly figure there, with heavy, ugly features, wearing the drollest little old-style derby. "Charlie, Charlie, is that you?" she sharply cried as she sat up in bed.

The answer came with a strong German accent and in a drawing, soothing tone, as one might speak to a frightened child, "Yeess—y-e-e-e-s."

At the same time the man slowly backed through the door, and my sister distinctly saw in the hand which hung down at his side something that glistened wickedly in the light—a shining, glittering revolver.

In an instant she realized the situation—it was a burglar, and a desperate one, too, armed as he was with that vicious looking weapon.

She remembered that on the little stand in the corner next her bed was her jewel case, containing all her precious little son-

venirs and ornaments. If the thief were to pass the dressing table he would almost brush the bed, and his outstretched hand could close on her throat or send a bullet crashing in her brain.

It was a frightful situation for a timid, nervous woman to face, but Pauline is one of those rare creatures who always rise to the situation. And bravely she met this crisis.

She literally sprang upon him. There was a rush, a patter of feet, a great whirling of draperies as this tall, snow-robed figure swept upon the intruder like a whirlwind.

At the same time she called to some one, everyone, to "turn on the electric lights."

Although we have not an electric light in the cottage, I say that no one but a woman would have thought of that subtle

subterfuge. The sudden, furious onslaught of this woman in white and her frantic cries for help were too much for our unwelcome visitor.

He turned and fled like a cat down the stairs, into the parlor, out of the window and vanished in the night.

Most of the papers have made it appear that it was I who discovered the burglar and flew after him. That is not true.

The credit for courage, coolness and self-possession belongs alone to my sister, Pauline. She astonished us all by her exhibition of nerve. She is a fragile, delicate

girl, a creature of fire and dew. One would expect a woman of her fragility to go all to pieces at such a time. Instead, she gave no thought to her own danger, but put forth every effort to arrest the progress of a very experienced and very desperate housebreaker. ALMEE HERCHT-NEIL.



Miss Greyson's rough sketch of the burglar.

## Chicago's Insane Baby.

Though Only Two Years Old He Has Been Put Through Lunacy Proceedings.

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The Two-Year-Old Baby Lunatic.

## A Mysterious White Race.

Cut Off from the World in Their Mountain Homes, They Have Lived 300 Years Unknown.

THAT white races of mysterious origin and of an advanced grade of civilization exist in certain of the as yet unexplored plateaus of Africa has long been a matter of tradition among all those who have devoted their attention to the ethnographical and geographical science of the Dark Continent, and Rider Haggard and other English novelists, have found in reports bearing upon the subject the theme of many of their most popular stories.

But no attention has been drawn as yet to the fact that in the interior of San Jago, the largest of the Cape Verde Islands, which nestle in the Atlantic off the most westerly point of Northern Africa, there exists a strange people known by the name of the Cantadas, who for 300 years past have been absolutely cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, and who are fair-haired, light complexioned and blue-eyed, whereas the remaining population of the Cape Verde Islands consists of negroes, and of Portuguese, who are almost as swarthy and sombre in color as full-blooded Africans.

Clear and sharp against the sky line of San Jago the mountain of San Antonio towers aloft in a plume to the height of some 8,000 feet. In form it conveys the impression of an ancient volcano, with its sharp slope on the side toward the sea. But on the inland side the visibility is broken by a sort of cup-shaped interval, at the further end of which there is the stump of what seems in times gone by to have constituted a second peak of equal height to San Antonio, but which, through some great cataclysm of nature, has been broken off some four or five thousand feet above the common base.

Strangely enough the peak of San Antonio is accessible to clever mountaineers, whereas the sister mountain, that is to say, the broken off peak, is quite the reverse. From the point where it rises from the surrounding desert tableland, there is nothing but a steep wall of volcanic rock, not merely hundreds but probably a couple of thousand feet high. Indeed, the only point whence access could ever be obtained to the summit of the sister mountain of San Antonio would be from the cuplike interval which divides the two, and mention of which has been made above.

This cup, however, is filled with water and is known by the name of the Cantadas Lake. It is a great sheet of water, of marvellous depth and clearness.

On the further end of the lake, and in the interior of this sister mountain of San Antonio, dwell the mysterious white race known as the Cantadas. Distrustful, apparently, of the gaze of strangers, these people of the mountain seldom leave their habitations during day time, and on the slightest alarm of visitors they seek the shelter of the rock. But by biding on the opposite side until evening, and with the aid of glasses, it is possible to get a good view of them when they begin at sunset to gather on the grassy meadow which fronts the opening of the caves and extends down to the water's edge.

Beautiful fair-haired, white-skinned girls, clad in flowing white linen garments, which scarcely conceal the alabaster beauty of perfect grace and form, come out to wash linen in the lake and to sport on the cool green grass. The men, too, are simply dressed in much the same way, their white linen garments being admirably suited to the tropic climate. Many other signs of a high degree of civilization appear, and from certain points near the summit of San Antonio it is possible, with the aid of strong glasses, to catch glimpses through fissures here and there in the wall of rock of the twin mountain, of sheep and cattle grazing, of green fields and trees, and of white flat-roofed houses running parallel with one another, all brilliantly lighted by the sun, and therefore lending to the belief that the interior of this sister mountain of San Antonio must be hollowed out into some valley, possibly the center of an extinct volcano, which through some freak of nature, has been converted from barren fossil and lava into grassy and fertile slopes.

An intrepid explorer would not have great difficulty in reaching the Cantadas people. All that would be necessary would be to ascend the San Antonio Peak, to descend on the other side until one reached the cliffs that overhang the Cantadas Lake, to have oneself lowered by means of a rope to the surface of the latter, and then to swim across the lake, which may be anywhere from four to six miles in length.

Certain scientists who have investigated the tradition and rumors that exist about the Cantadas among the inhabitants, African and Portuguese, of the Cape Verde Islands, are inclined to the belief that they are of Jewish origin. This theory is due to the fact that what is stated to be their language resembles the dialect of the natives of Cordoba more than any other known language.

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